The True Northerner.

VOL. XXII.--NO. 5. PAW PAW, MICH., FRIDAY, APRIL 14, 1876. WHOLE NO. 1098.

GRANDMA AND JO.

Our grandmother dear has snow-white hair,
And she loves to sit in her easy chair;

And Jo loves to climb on gradma's lap,
To play with the strings of her snow-white cap.

And grandmother's voice is broken and slow,
And sweet are the words she says to Jo.

If grandmother ever had any care
She has laid it down out of sight somewhere;

And now all she does is to say her prayer
And sit where the sunshine gilds her hair,

And play and whisper to little Jo
As the shadows of evening come and go.

Being so near to the heavenly shore
Grandmother never weeps any more.

At twilight she fancies lost loved ones call
Sweet-voiced from chamber, parlor, or hall.

Perhaps the last strain of some heavenly choir
Fall's on grandmother's ear as she sits by the fire

But she only kisses dear little Jo,
And whispers, "Soon, little sweet, we shall know;

'But Charlie, Willie, Grandpa, and Jack,
I am almost sure, child, are coming back."

FOUND IN THE SNOW.

"Halloo! This won't do. Move on." The speaker was a gigantic policeman. The object of his wrath was a boy who sat on a low stoop, with his face buried in his hands as if crying.

It was night and snowing fast. A bitter, bitter night, in which one would not wish even one's enemy to be homeless and shelterless. The boy did not stir.

"Halloo, I say!" cried the policeman, angrily, advancing nearer. "No shamming, young 'un. Get up, and move on."

But as the lad, even yet, did not rise, the policeman stooped down and shook him. As he did this the boy fell over, senseless, in the snow.

"Great God!" cried the policeman. "He's dead. Frozen to death, too; perhaps starved. Poor little fellow! An orphan, no doubt. Well, I must take him to the station, I suppose."

But as he lifted the body, which he did tenderly—for he had children of his own at home, the seemingly inanimate form stirred.

"Fainted," said the officer, "but not dead yet. If the station house only wasn't so far off. Ah! maybe they'll take him in here."

As he spoke, a close carriage had dashed up to the next house, a footman sprang from the box, the coach door was flung open, and an old man, wrapped in a fur cloak, stepped out and took the servant's arm, to be helped up the high stoop. Seeing the policeman, however, with the boy in his arms, he stopped abruptly.

"What! what!" he cried. "A young tramp—a beggar? Not dead——"

"No, not dead yet, Mr. Ascot," said the policeman, respectfully, as he recognized the speaker, well known as the wealthiest and most influential householder on his beat, "but I'm afraid will be before I reach the station. And he doesn't seem to be a common sort of beggar boy——."

"Not the common sort, eh? Neither is he," said Mr. Ascot, as he looked at the boy's clothes. "Have him in here—have him in here. John, ring the bell; why the deuce do you stand there gaping—don't you see the boy's dying from cold and hunger? I can walk up the steps well enough alone?"

A moment more and Mr. Ascot himself led the way into a warm, spacious drawing-room.

"There's a roaring fire ready," he said. "I always have one waiting for me when I come home from dining out. Where's the housekeeper? Didn't I tell John to bring her at once? Ah! here Mrs. Somers comes. Something to revive him, quick! Good heavens! if he should die after all."

"Poor little dear!" said Mrs. Somers, as she poured a restorative down his throat. "There, Jane, give me the blankets while I wrap him up. Ah! he's coming to."

The boy opened his eyes, looked in a far-off way at Mrs. Somers, and then glanced, dreamily, about the room. Evidently his senses had not yet quite come back.

"Mother, mother," he murmured. "I can't find grandfather—and it's so cold. I'm so——"

His head dropped on her shoulder and his eyes closed again. One of his hands, which up to this time had been tightly shut, opened weakly, and a note fell to the floor.

Mrs. Somers did not see the note. Something in the boy's look had startled her. She gave a quick glance up at her master; then she began to tremble all over. Mr. Ascot, who had been standing by her full of interested anxiety, did not observe this look, for his attention had been attracted by the note, which he now stooped to pick up. Then he proceeded to take out his glasses in order to read the superscription.

"Perhaps this may throw some light on the matter," he said. "The poor lad has been sent out on an errand and has fainted from cold, and perhaps hunger. What! what! Good God!" His hands were shaking like leaves in an autumn wind. In the deep stillness the paper rattled with startled noise. "It can't be—it can't be! Mrs. Somers, your eyes are younger than mine—read, read; is that address—is it—mine—Thornton Ascot?"

As he spoke in choked, convulsive gasps, Mrs. Somers leaned forward to read. The motion roused the boy again, and he opened his eyes—this time with more of consciousness in them—and he fixed a long, questioning, puzzled look on Mr. Ascott.

"Merciful heaven!" the latter said, staggering like one struck with palsy, "it is her eyes—her eyes——"

With these words he fell back senseless, the half-open letter fluttering from his fingers to the floor. Fortunately the policeman was in time to catch him, and lay him on the sofa. For a moment the boy was forgotten, every one pressing around the master of the house.

"Is it a stroke?" asked the policeman, anxiously. "What does it mean?"

At any other time Mrs. Somers would have been reticent about family affairs; but she was too flurried to think clearly. Surprised out of herself she took her audience, unconsciously, into her confidence.

"No, it's not a stroke," she answered, with the experience of long years of nursing. "His face isn't awry, you see; and he's only limp, not paralyzed. There, I've opened his cravat; and now, Jane, bring some water. It's but a fainting fit; he often has 'em when he's worried; often, I mean since his daughter went away. She ran off, you know, ten years ago. He's never forgiven her, or rather she's never—least way of late years—asked to be forgiven. The last time was when she came herself, just after she was married, on a night as bad as this." All this while Mrs. Somers was busy in trying to revive her master, chafing his hands, holding smelling salts to him, even ordering the window opened. "He turned her from his doors in a perfect rage—I never seed him so angry afore or since. But he's been sorry for it many and many a time, I know. I have heard him sigh so! He was a-thinking of her. He'd have forgotten all, years ago, if she would have come again; but she was as proud as him; I don't know which was the prouder. She went to forrin parts with her husband—he'd been her music teacher, you see—that's what made Mr. Ascot so angry—and she has not been heard of for these years and years. There—he's coming to; what a sigh! Stand aside, Mr. Policeman, please, and give him some air. Poor man! but he's nobody to blame but himself after all. I don't uphold disobedience in children, of course; but a dearer, sweeter girl than Margaret Ascot never was. Many and many's the time I've carried her in my arms when she was a baby and her mother was alive. How are you feeling now, sir?"

This last sentence was addressed to her master, who, with a deep drawn sigh, opened his eyes.

"What—what is the matter?" he said, looking vacantly from one to the other. "Yes, I remember," putting his hand to his brow, "Margaret——"

His eyes wandering about fell on the boy who, during this episode, had entirely recovered consciousness and was now looking with a strange sort of wonder at Mr. Ascot.

"Please, sir," said the lad, seeing he had attracted the old man's eye, "can you tell me where Mr. Ascot lives? I was to go to him—only I lost my way—mother's very sick—and she's had nothing to eat to-day——"

With these words he broke down with a great sob, the tears streaming along his thin, wan cheeks.

"Where's the note? Order the carriage," said Mr. Ascot, incoherently, rising to his feet. "Is it from Margaret? Did somebody say she was starving?" His poor, weak, shaking hands vainly tried again to unfold the paper which the policeman had handed him. "I—I am not strong as I used to be; I think I am getting old;" and he looked piteously at Mrs. Somers and sank again on the sofa.

"Drink this," said the housekeeper, handing him a restorative.

He drank it and rallied.

"Ah! it is her—her writing," speaking to himself. "She is a widow, and her only child is named—after—after—me."

He stopped reading and turned to look at the boy.

"Are you grandfather?" said the latter, timidly. "I think you must be, for mother has a picture she looks at and cries over, and it's like you."

The letter fell again to the floor. But this time it was because he opened his arms and the boy, catching the meaning, came to him.

"You won't let her die, will you?" said the boy, looking piteously into his face.

"Die, die!" cried the old man, rising up; and his voice and air were that of youth. "She shall not die. Where is the carriage? I will go at once and she shall come home to-night. The carriage, I say," he cried, almost angrily, and he turned toward the door, where the footman now appeared.

"The carriage waits, sir," said the servant, obsequiously.

"Get your cloak and bonnet, Mrs. Somers, a few blankets—a bit of food—there's not a minute to lose. Good God! Margaret dying, and we wasting our time here! No, my brave little fellow; your mother shall not die."

In a few minutes, during which the thoughtful Mrs. Somers had provided a biscuit and some hot tea for the boy, the little party set forth. While the carriage is rolling over the snow, its destination being one of the most obscure streets of the great metropolis, let us say a few words about the daughter.

Margaret Ascot had been one of those sweet-tempered, sympathetic natures that everybody loved. Beautiful, accomplished, wealthy and well born, she had crowds of suitors, but at nineteen she turned from them all, and gave her heart to a penniless lover. This was not because she was foolishly romantic, like so many others, but because her suitor was worthy of her in every way except riches. He was only a poor music teacher, an Italian exile—for this was in days now fortunately long ago, before Italy was free, and to be an Italian patriot meant banishment or life-long imprisonment, or even death.

Andrea Fillippo had, when hardly more than a boy, joined in the insurrection of '48, and had been compelled after its failure to fly the country. He had come to America, and, being penniless had been compelled to take up the first pursuit that offered itself. In his own land nearly everybody has some knowledge of music; but Andrea was an amateur of more than ordinary merit, and he naturally became a teacher of singing. Margaret Ascot was his favorite pupil. He saw in her everything that youthful manhood in its highest type admires; she saw in him a hero and a martyr. Compared with the prosaic young men of business or the cold, calculating lawyers, or the idle men of fashion, who constituted the bulk of her admirers, he was a prince in disguise, a young god!

Parents do not sufficiently make allowances for the imaginative elements of their daughters. They fancy that at nineteen girls can feed as their mothers do at forty; that the dry husks of a matter-of-fact life are sufficient for them. It is not so, and Mr. Ascot, though a sensible man in other respects, could not understand why his daughter was cold to her wealthy lovers and had given her heart to the exile.

When Margaret, hopeless of altering her father's opinion, finally eloped with her lover, his wrath knew no bounds. He refused to answer her letter announcing the marriage; and when, a few weeks later, she came in person, he had her literally thrust from the door.

After vainly trying to get some other employment—for Mr. Ascot's influence deprived Andrea of all his pupils—the young couple went abroad. For a while they lived in London; but afterward Andrea returned to Italy and there struggled on until he died. He left his widow penniless; she had only money enough to pay her passage to America, whither she had resolved to come, in hopes by a last appeal to soften her father's heart. It was a winter voyage and Margaret caught a violent cold, which threatened an inflammation of the lungs. She could only crawl feebly to the nearest lodging on the night she landed—a miserable attic.

The next day Margaret wrote a note to her father, trusting to her boy to deliver it, as she was too ill to go out herself. Knowing that Mr. Ascot would be out during the day, she had deferred sending the lad until toward nightfall; but hardly had he left before she began to think of the perils he ran alone in that great city. Perhaps, she said to herself, he has fallen down some open area; perhaps he sank cold and insensible in some bank of snow. When eight o'clock struck from a neighboring steeple, and still her boy did not return, she became almost wild with fright. Ten o'clock came, but still no son. She listened intensely for the sound of his feet, but she heard nothing but the roar of the storm. At last her anxiety and fear rose to frenzy; she was sure her boy was dead. Eleven o'clock struck. Her candle had burned down into the socket and was almost on the point of expiring. Suddenly the sound of carriage wheels, muffled by the snow, was heard; the carriage stopped. Surely that was the opening of the street door; there were steps ascending the stairs. Yes, she could not be mistaken, they were the steps of her boy! The door of her room flew open and her son rushed in.

"Mother, mother!" he cried, flinging his arm eagerly around her, "I came as soon as I could. And oh! mother, I have brought grandfather with me. See!"

She looked past her son, scarcely believing her own eyes. There, just behind her boy, stood her father. She rose up in bed; she held out her arms.

"Father!" she sobbed.

"Margaret, my child!" And then they were locked in each other's arms, and both were in tears.

"I can die in peace now," she murmured, after a while, as she clung to her father's breast, "since you have forgiven me. You will promise to take care of Thornton?"

"Die!" cried the father, rising bolt upright and fairly lifting her from the bed, all the strength of his youth coming back in that supreme moment. "You shall not die. You are going home with us; we have brought blankets, food, everything. The risk is not so great as remaining another night here; physicians—the best—shall be called in. No, you shall not die! You have not come home to die."

Nor did she die. Our simple tale has already been too long in the telling, or we might narrate how the sense of rest and peace that grew up in her now, the skillful care of the best physicians, and the knowledge that her boy's future was assured, all combined to work a cure that, otherwise, might have been regarded as almost miraculous.

To-day there is no more beautiful woman of her years in that great city than Margaret. She lives only for her father and her boy; they come, at least, before everything else. But she does not exclude herself entirely from society. To the select and cultivated circle of which she is the center and chief ornament, she gives freely of her varied accomplishments and of her exquisite charm of manner. But the memory of her dead husband is still green in her heart and ever will be; and though men of high station and even world-wide celebrity would woo her, if she would, to be the light of their home, they know, one and all, that her first and last love lies buried in that lonely grave on the blue shores of the Riviera, to which, every year or two, she makes a pilgrimage.

THE Spanish army has six marshals, seventy-seven generals, 130 lieutenant-generals, and 335 major-generals.

MEXICO'S REVOLUTION.

The Causes That Led to the Present Outbreak—The Overthrow of Lerdo Foreshadowed.

The New Orleans correspondent of the Chicago *Times* telegraphs to that journal the following interesting particulars regarding the formidable insurrection now in progress in our neighboring republic of Mexico:

"From passengers just arrived here by steamship from Mexico, much of interest is learned concerning the revolution in that republic. They say the revolution has astonished everyone by the absence of violence and bloodshed, and by the extraordinary rapidity with which it has succeeded. No one familiar with the condition of affairs in that country has much doubt of the overthrow of the present government, headed by President Lerdo de Tejado. The existing administration has represented the moderate party in Mexico, a policy which exposed it to the hostility of the church, already stripped of $100,000,090 of property, and which in the last year has witnessed the exclusion of some of its orders. Besides the descendants of the States strongly under religious influence, the present government incurred the hostility of the red or most radical republicans, who, far from being satisfied with the changes or reforms already made, demanded many others still more sweeping. They, besides, accused the present government of fanaticism and corruption, and, what to them is a still more serious charge, that of keeping a great many leaders out of office who want to be in. The opposition in the city of Mexico has for more than a year been extremely rancorous and active, as expressed in the journals and speeches of leading men. The headquarters of the pronuncades and their great stronghold is Jalapa and the surrounding country. The State of Puebla, which has very important industries, is revolutionized, and Vera Cruz is well affected toward the cause. The territory held by the insurgents includes a depth of 250 miles, two-thirds of the distance to the capital from the sea-coast, with an equal length of territory going west. One of the aqueducts, even that which supplied Mexico with water, was cut by a band of insurgents. On the American frontier Regina Colima, through which the telegraph wires to the city of Mexico passed, have been captured, with most of the border country. It will thus be seen that the telegraphic treaty for connecting the wires of the two countries will not have much immediate value. The strangest intelligence yet brought from Mexico is that President Lerdo should have allowed Cortinas to escape from his hands and return to the frontier, where he will, in a short time, be at the head of a considerable band. So far as can be ascertained, while the foreign population are opposed to all revolutions, they, as yet, regard the present one as an almost accomplished fact. Porfirio Diaz is not viewed with disfavor for the reason that he has been hitherto know for his mild and courteous manners and his liberal ideas of progress and improvement. It is thought he will take the field when Monterey falls or declares in his favor. The army of Mexico is supposed not to exceed 25,000 men."

The Centennial Fiend.

It was only half an hour before the paper went to press, but he walked unerringly into the editor's private room and, dropping his hat over the warning placard of "Busy Day—Short Calls," seated himself with easy bar-room politeness on the table with the exchanges. He was dressed in an Ulster and soiled ruffled shirt, wore an amethyst about the size of a hock glass on his third finger and cluster pin in his bosom. He took a "seven-for-a-quarter" cigar from his mouth and, placing it on the editor's inkstand, remarked confidentially:

"I am going to spend some time this year"—

The editor clutched his pen like a dagger, and pawing after the few hairs on the top of his head, said—

—"in Philadelphia"—

The young man spat gracefully over his left shoulder on the new carpet, and responded—

"Yes, I've done a little writin' in my day, and bein' disengaged this summer should like to send a first-class journal like yours"—

The editor fell back in his chair, and gasped—

—"some letters about the Centennial."

The interviewer nodded and kicked his No. 11s pensively against the veneered panels of the desk.

"Would you like to be packed in ice until your friends call for you?" said the editor, gloomily, "or shall we forward your remains in an air-tight casket?"

Then gazing sorrowfully at the young man he put his mouth to a speaking tube and asked—

"Are any of the pressmen at hand?"

Promptly wafted through the tin tube came the reply—

"Red Mike and Big Dan, sir."

The would-be correspondent started up aghast, put his hat on, wrong side in front, and buttoned the third button of his coat into the second button-hole; but the newspaper man, taking no more notice of him than he would of a dead head advertisement, breathed through the tube—

"Give 'em a quarter apiece and let them come up here. Tell them there is another of those Philadelphia Centennial fellows here, and then pull in a district telegraph boy and send for a hearse."

Before the last words were in the speaking-tube the tails of the Ulster coat sailed out of the private office, and a nervous young man, after trying the door of the coat room and diving into the coal closet, reached the counting room door, looked over his shoulder at two brawny Milesians who had just descended from some upper region, missed his footing for a dozen stairs, accented his decent with a heavy bump on the first landing, and reached the street as the editor wrote the last word of an article on "the business outlook" and calmly sent it whirring up in the box to the composition-room.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

The Decision on the Enforcement Act.

The Grant parish case, from Louisiana, and the Kentucky election case, have been decided by the Supreme court of the United States. They involved the most important questions considered by that court since the legal-tender decision. The indictment in each case was based upon the celebrated Enforcement act of 1870, and the court was called upon to construe the third, fourth and sixth sections of that act.

The defendants in the Grant parish case were indicted for alleged violations of the sixth section. This prohibits two or more persons from banding or conconspiring together "to injure, oppress, threaten, or intimidate any citizen, with intent to prevent or hinder his full exercise and enjoyment of any right or privilege granted or secured by the Constitution of the United States." The defendants were charged in the indictment with conspiracy to do certain specified acts, in violation of this provision. Were the rights which they threatened to interfere with granted or secured by the Constitution or laws of the United States? If they were not, the indictment was fatally defective.

The Supreme court has decided that they were not. To appreciate the scope and importance of the decision, it is necessary to understand what were the rights under discussion. One was the right of peaceable assembly for a peaceful and lawful purpose. This, says Chief Justice Waite, existed long before the adoption of the Constitution of the United States, and remains subject to State jurisdiction. The States alone are authorized to punish its infraction. It was also alleged that the conspirators intended to interfere with the right of life and personal liberty, for they were charged with conspiracy to falsely imprison or murder certain citizens of the United States residents in Louisiana. These rights, say the Court, are the natural rights of man, and the sovereignty for their protection rests alone with the States. "The only obligation resting upon the United States is to see that the States do not deny the right."

Again, it was averred that the defendants sought to restrain the right of certain colored citizens of African decent to vote at any election. The right of suffrage, however, as was decided by the Supreme court two years ago, is not derived from the Constitution of the United States; and as the indictment did not charge that the intent was to exclude the colored citizens from voting on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude—so as to bring the case within the terms of the fifteenth amendment—there was nothing to show a violation of the Federal Constitution or laws.

From this it will be seen that although the Supreme court does not in terms declare the sixth section of the Enforcement act to be unconstitutional, it does decide that the broad interpretation and application sought to be given to it in the Federal courts below is in violation of the rights of the States and the Constitution of the United States.

In the Kentucky election case, the question was whether the third and fourth sections of the Enforcement act were appropriate legislation, under the Costitution, to enforce the fifteenth amendment, which provides that the right of citizens to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States, or by any State, on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude. It is the opinion of the court that the United States has the right under this amendment to punish unlawful individual discriminations on account of race, color, or servitude; but the objection to these sections of the Enforcement act is that they do not stop there. Irrespective of such discrimination, they provide generally for the punishment of interference with the right of suffrage, and the power of Congress does not extend so far as this. It being impossible to separate the unconstitutional parts of these sections from those which are constitutional, the whole must fail.

The result of both decisions is that the operation of the sixth section of the Enforcement act is so restricted as not to interfere with the police powers of the States, and the third and fourth sections are practically stricken from the statute book.—*New York Sun.*

A Fool and His Gun.

James Rowland, of Abbeyville county, S. C., a young man about twenty years of age, indulged in an experiment recently which is likely to cost him his life. The facts are as follows: Young Rowland tried to draw a load out of his shot-gun, but failed, and, heating an iron rod nine inches in length and about three-quarters of an inch in diameter to a white heat, threw it into the barrel of his gun and ran. The gun discharged itself, and the rod entered the young man's hip, passing almost entirely through on the other side. The rod was so hot that it could not be taken from the suffering victim for about five minutes, and only then by the help of a pair of blacksmith's tongs. Rowland suffered untold agony, and was at the point of death at last accounts.

A MAN always feels put out when he is taken in.

Pith and Point.

THE first chiropodist in English history—William the Corn-curer.

SENATOR SARGEANT is the most rapid speaker in the Senate.

SUICIDE is said to be quite common among the lower animals.

CAN a curl over the forehead be called "Locke on the Understanding?"

IT used to be considered "poor doings" to smoke a five-cent cigar. Railroad conductors smoke them now.

THE London papers call him Israel Winslow. That is not 'Israel name.—*Graphic.*

BRET HARTE'S tales have been translated into Russian under the title of "The Foolski of Fiveoff Forkovitch and other Talesinkivitch."

A RETURNED Californian met a widow in Council Bluffs, courted her up in an hour, married her before noon, and took her east in the evening.

THE following conversation took place the other evening at a tea-table in Bangor, Me.: Five-year-old, to his mother—"Mother, can I have a cooky?" "No, my son." "Mother, can I have a quarter of a cooky?" "No, my son." "Can I have a crumb of a cooky?" "No!" "Well, then, can I smell of a cooky?"

A JUDGE in Monmouth county, N. Y., once cautioned an old negro who had been acquitted not to be found in bad company again. "Much 'bligo to yo', marsa," he replied, "I allus 'spect you adwise; but de fact am, marsa, dat good company and bad company look so much alike dat dis niggah can't tell de difference until he get right in 'em!"

AN old officer had lost an eye in the wars and supplied it with a glass one, which he always took out when he went to bed. Being at an inn, he took out his eye and gave it to the simple wench in attendance, desiring her to lay it on the table. The maid afterward still waiting and staring, "What dost wait for?" said the officer. "Only for the other eye, sir."

LADY customer—"Have you a nice book all covered with red leather, with gold letters on the back?" Shopkeeper—"Yes, madam; we have De Quincey's works, three volumes, in Russia; or Gen. Sherman's Memoirs, two volumes, in calf. Lady customer—"I don't want anything about Russia. Give me the books about the dear little calves; beside, it was made by a general."

WHEN a Missourian was recently on trial for murder, he didn't say he was insane, but simply said: "If yer honor please, I am guilty. I killed the man because he took my gal from me. She was about the only thing I had, an' I didn't want to live after she went, an' I didn't want him to live neither. An' I should be obleeged to yer honor if you would hang me as soon as possible."

WOMEN AS MOTHERS.

Women know
The way to rear up children (to be just);
They know a simple, merry, tender knack
Of tying sashes, fitting baby-shoes,
And singing pretty words that make no sense,
And hissing full sense into empty words;
Which things are corals to cut life upon!
Although such trifles, children learn by such;
Love's holiest earnest is a pretty play!
And get not over-early solemnized—
But seeing, as in a rose-bush, love's divine,
Which burns and hurts not—not a single bloom—
Become aware and unfraid of love.
Such good do mothers. Fathers love as well—
Mine did, I know—but still with heavier brains,
And wills more consciously responsible,
And not as wisely, since less foolishly;
So mothers have God's license to be missed.

A WIDOW lady living on Lacrosse street was highly delighted when a wood-yard wagon drove up and half a cord of stove wood was thrown into her yard. She had given no order, had no money to buy wood with, and running into a neighbor's she exclaimed: "See how my dream came to pass! Last night I dreamed that some one had brought me a load of wood; and behold! it is here!" Congratulations were tendered and several people were feeling good when the wagon came back for the wood, it having been thrown off at the wrong place, and as the boy pitched it out of the yard his demeanor wasn't at all dreamy.—*Free Press.*

SOME years ago a certain Detroiter settled a debt by giving his note of hand. The holder tried for two years to collect it, and then filed it away. The other day he had an opportunity to work it off on an innocent party, and shortly after so doing he encountered the maker of the note and said: "Now you'll have to come to time! I've sold that note of yours!" "You don't say so?" "Yes, I have; got it off on a man for seven dollars." "See here, Tom," said the debtor in a pleading voice, "if you got seven dollars for that forty-dollar note against me, and you won't give me at least two dollars, I'll never do another favor for you in my life!"—*Free Press.*

A Wrecked Train.

The notorious George Francis Train has gone into bankruptcy. In his schedule of assets are the following curious items: Claim against the British Government, $1,000,000; claim against the Home Railroad Company, of Birkenhead, England, $1,000,000; claim for aiding in the construction of the Union Pacific railroad, $300,000; claim against James McHenry, for negotiating the bonds of the Atlantic and Great Western Railroad Company, $500,000; claim for exposing the Beecher-Tilton scandal, $100,000; claim against the city of New York for false imprisonment, $1,000,000; 5,000 lots in Omaha and Chicago, $10,000,000; various other claims against governments and lots throughout the United States amounting to $3,000,000.

A BOSTON menagerie has two performing elephants which are upward of seventy years of age. They are frisky as ever.